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So equal portion'd did those virtues blend,
You saw a master, or you found a friend.
If Virtue's child, he would thy sorrows heal;
But pride and folly shrank before O'Neil:
For Nature, to befit him for each part,
Gave angel goodness, and a hero's heart;
The one to aid, the other to reprove,
Both to o'erawe, or gain esteem and love.
He claim'd no title from his ancient blood,
But rear'd this great one. "He was wise and good;"
For well he knew, that folly would efface
The well gain'd honour of an ancient race;
So from his fathers he disdain'd to shine,
And added lustre to a princely line.
A humble lot could not his merits hide,
They all bespoke how high he was allied,
With Virtue's aid, birth oft itself reveals,
As Douglas' blood, so flow'd this true O'Neil.
So purely too, that all the world might scan,
Tyrone's descendant in an humble man:
Who liv'd retir'd where his great fathers reign'd
(And thank'd his God that he had so ordain'd)
Shed their pure blood against their country's foes,
Ere upstart lords in tinsel state arose.

Thy hills, O' Muster, and thy fertile plains,
Thy warlike chiefs, and thy undaunted swains,
Once own'd the sway his mighty fathers held:
By fame in arms, and country's love impell'd,
Drove from our shores the fierce invading Dane,
And laid in dust the shameful foreign chain.
In ruder days thus shone his sires in arms;
But Peace for him spread forth her golden charms;
And yonder vale where gentle Banna flows,
He made the seat of friendship and repose.
His gen'rous soul, and hospitable door
Were always open to the guiltless poor;
And here the friend of learning too, might find
A cheerful welcome, and a kindred mind.
Or did the gay one, in some lucky hour,
To his fair cot retreat from storm or shower,
He found a man by nature form'd to please,
Of noble aspect, and a graceful ease;
A gentle welcome and a cheerful smile,
And all the courtier but his baneful wife;
What more he *was* deserves a nobler lay;
And what he *is* let hosts of angels say.

R. D.

* He was the lineal descendant of the O'Neils,
earls of Tyrone.

ON A WATCH RIBBON,

RECEIVED FROM MISTES J. A. AND J. S. OF
CARRICKFERGUS.

OH, time! fell murderer of the human
race,
Whose scythe, unsparing, cuts without
regret,
Who takest from memory each dearest
trace,
And from the heart restraint the vital
beat.

This little gift reminds me of thy pow'r,
As every moment I thy flight perceive;
By it I mark the tedious, lingering hour,
When for my absent friends I vainly
give.
But time may wield his threat'ning sword
In vain,
He cannot drive the donors from my
heart,
The two dear givers and the gift remain,
And from remembrance never can de-
part.
Still will I kiss the trifles for their sake,
Assur'd that time our friendship cannot
break.
His Majesty's ship L'Argus, J. P.
Cork, Nov. 15, 1808.

THE PRIMROSE.

THE fairest harbinger of spring,
Yon Primrose yields its mild perfume
And foster'd by the vernal shower,
In nature's simple beauty bloom.
But should some cold and wintry blast
Succeed the warmth of April skies,
Behold this lovely child of Spring
'Midst sedges dark neglected dies.
Ye fair, whose very smiles are love,
The Moral of my lay attend;
When cold Indifference shades your brows,
Your beauties fade, your triumphs end:
And like you fair, but hapless flow'r,
Doom'd to forgetfulness a prey,
'Midst dreary woods, and lonely fields,
Life's tedious moments roll away.
While youth and beauty lend their charms
These happy gifts with care improve;
Though beauty first attracts our eyes,
Your smiles alone secure our love.

Dungannon. WILLIAM.

TO MISS MARGARET A.***

OF CARRICKFERGUS, ON PERCEIVING HER
LOOK THOUGHTFUL.

SAY, Peggy, why sits meditation,
On that cheerful beauteous brow?
Care might choose some other station,
Sweeter studies claim thee now.
With thee I ne'er could use deceit,
Nor flatter, even though inclin'd,
Thy outward beauties though so great,
Are far exceeded by thy mind.
Dare melancholy then, her seat
E'er fix in that attractive face?
Where Cupid makes his sly retreat,
And points his bow to every place.
Too oft the urchin's power I feel,
Whene'er I cast my eyes on thee,
And still cannot my hopes reveal,
But frequent struggle to be free.